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THE
TEMPLE RAKES,
OR
INNOCENCE Preserved:
BEING THE
ADVENTURES
OF

Miss *Arabella R-----y*.

A NARRATIVE founded on some
late extraordinary MATTERS of FACT.

L O N D O N:

Printed for H. CARPENTER in *Fleet-street*.

[Price One Shilling.]

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A NARRATIVE, FOUND ON SOME
THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE FACT.

LONDON:

Printed by J. Smith in the Strand.

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T H E
T E M P L E R A K E S;
O R
I N N O C E N C E preserved &c.

IN that delightful Season, when the nimble-footed *Hora* prepare the glorious Chariot and Horses of the Sun, ready for his mounting between Three and Four in the Morning, and Nature appears arrayed in her gayest Dress, to salute him at his first setting out on his Course, young *Belmour* rose early from his Bed, to taste the Fragrancy of the gentle Gales of *Zephyrus*, and enjoy the refreshing Pleasures of a Morning Walk. Pleasures but little experienced by *Belmour*, since his quitting the College to harbour among the Rakes of the *Temple*: With whom he generally caress'd the Bottle to such unseasonable Hours, as rendered him incapable of rising till about Noon-time; nor, indeed, had he been stirring so early this Morning, if he could have met with any Rest in his Bed; but neither the Fatigue of his last

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Night's

Night's Ramble, nor the Wine he had drank, could procure him any Sleep there: As all Repose was driven from thence by the Thoughts of a beautiful Object, whose extraordinary Charms had been so much the Subject of his Contemplation the Night before, and had left such a deep Impression in his Memory, that it was not in the Power of any thing else to interfere with his Ideas, or expel the lovely Image one Moment from his Breast.

Belmour, at the Desire of *Townley*, his intimate Companion and general Partner in his Diversions, had agreed, the preceeding Evening, to take a Trip to *Vaux-hall*. These two Gentlemen had not been long in the Walks before they observed a young Lady, whose Person so much commanded the Attention of the whole Assembly, which was very numerous that Night, that it was impossible for her to escape their Notice. All the Gentlemen present were enraptured with her Youth, Beauty, fine Shape, and genteel Air, and bestowed the greatest Commendations on them; while the Ladies were not less engaged with her Charms, tho' in a different Manner; as they were endeavouring to detract from whatever appeared amiable in her to the other Sex, and to find a Fault, where Nature had scarce admitted the least Imperfection to appear. For, such is the peculiar Vanity of the Female Sex, that notwithstanding the superior Excellency of the young

young Lady's personal Perfections, yet there was not a Woman present, but imagined herself to be fully as Handsome; and every one of them was framing Objections to the Regularity, Delicacy, or Proportion of some particular Feature or Limb, wherein they severally piqued themselves with having the Advantage of her. So obstinately blind is *Envy*, and such is the Power of her baneful Intoxication, as to render the greatest Excellencies, either of Body or Mind, obnoxious and disagreeable to those that are under her Influence, by endeavouring, as in this Case, to convert real Beauties into imaginary Blemishes: But it was far otherwise with *Belmour* and his Companion.

He himself was possessed with such a good Taste, and just Discernment, that nothing excellent in Art or Nature could escape his Observation. Neither could *Townley* avoid taking Notice of this beautiful Person, whom they had met by chance two or three Times in the Walks: In a word, such was the Force of her Charms, that both these Gentlemen became perfectly enamoured with her, and resolved, in their Minds, to endeavour at obtaining some Knowledge of who she was and where she lived.

Belmour, being of a very open Disposition, first declared his Resolution to *Townley*, not owning it as the Effect of any Passion he had conceived for the Lady, but only urging it as

a Gratification of a Curiosity, which prompted him to discover who this young and beautiful Stranger was.

Townley readily agreed to second him in his Design, as he declared himself to be prompted by the same Motive; which, tho' each of them represented it to the other under the Veil of extraordinary Curiosity, was, in Effect, nothing less than the ardent Passion of Love, that her Eyes had kindled in their Bosoms, therefore they never suffered her to escape out of their Sight during the whole Evening. At the Conclusion of the Entertainment, the young Lady and her Company, which was a tall, thin, lank, elderly Gentleman, of a very yellow Complexion, and a short, fat, squab Gentlewoman, took Water in a Pair of Oars; and our two young Sparks took Boat likewise, ordering their Waterman to land them wherever the other Boat went to.

The Conversation of *Belmour* and his Companion, during the Evening, was chiefly upon the Charms of the young Lady; and in Conjectures on whom the other two Personages were, that accompanied her. These *Belmour* would have to be either her Father and Mother, or two near Relations; but *Townley*, from some Observations that he had made on the Reservedness of her Behaviour, more rightly judged otherwise; especially with regard to the Gentleman, who he re-
marked

marked she never spoke to, unless he first directed his Discourse to her, which he seemed to take every Opportunity of doing, tho' she generally returned it with an Air of Indifference.

The Lady and her Company landed at *York-Buildings* Stairs, from whence they walked up to the *Strand*, and crossing the Way they went into the *Lebeck's-Head*. *Belmour* and his Companion followed at a Distance, and came into the same House, just as the elderly Gentleman was at the Bar ordering a Supper for his Company that were gone up Stairs; And indeed the Gentleman had not only perceived their close Attendance on him and the Ladies, in the Walks, but also observed their Boat following his on the Water, tho' having lost Sight of them after his landing, he imagined their following him to be accidental; but, on seeing them enter the same Tavern, began to entertain some suspicious Notions of their Design.

Belmour and *Townley* called for a Room; and would fain have posted themselves in one of those which was nearest the Door, that the Lady might not escape their further Pursuit on her Departure; but those Rooms being already taken up with Company, they were obliged to content themselves with one above Stairs. *Townley*, who had often frequented this Tavern, was pretty well known to the Drawers; therefore, calling for a Bottle of Wine, he asked the Waiter that brought it, whether

whether he knew any thing of the Gentleman in the laced Coat and the two Ladies that came in a little before them? The Waiter told him that he had lighted them up Stairs, and that the Gentleman had immediately followed him down again, and bespoke a Supper at the Bar; but declared he could not recollect that he had ever seen any of the three Personages there before. Upon this *Townley* ordered a Fowl for himself and his Companion, and tipping the Drawer half a Crown, gave him a strict Charge to let them know when the Gentleman called for the Reckoning, and when the Company was going away. The Drawer promised to obey their Commands; but unfortunately for *Townley* and his Companion, he was sent out with a Supper that had been bespoke there, to a Gentleman's House in *York-Buildings*, at the Time when the two Ladies and the Gentleman left the Tavern; and he did not come back again till some time after a Coach had carried the Company off.

The Drawer finding the Gentleman and the two Ladies gone at his Return, had only time to enquire which Way the Coach went; when running up Stairs, he informed *Belmour* and *Townley*, that he had been sent out when the Company had left the House, but that the Coach was but just gone away from the Door, and had drove up the *Strand*. *Townley* gave him a hearty Damn for not executing his Commission

Commission better, by leaving Word with some of the other Waiters to perform his Commands; and paying their Reckoning, our two Sparks set out after the Coach. They rambled up the *Strand* till they came to *Southampton-Street*, and then turned up into *Covent-Garden*; but could not trace any Coach, that had three Persons in it, or that had any one dressed like the Company they were in Pursuit of.

Exceedingly vexed and chagrined at this Disappointment, they went into the *Rose* in *Bridges-street*, and called for a Bottle to alleviate their Sorrows, over which they toasted the young Lady by the Name of the Beautiful *Vaux-ball* Stranger; and after some bitter Execrations on the poor Drawer, for neglect of Duty, each of them adjourned to his Chambers in the *Temple* to Bed. But the Beauty of the young Lady, and the Vexation at being disappointed in the Pursuit of her, ran so strongly in the Head of *Belmour*, that, as we before related, it entirely deprived him of his Night's Rest; and made him seek for Refreshment from his excruciating Thoughts in a Morning's Walk.

Townley passed his Time not much better than his Companion; tho' *Belmour* had not entertained the least Thought of the former's being any way captivated by the Lady's Charms, which he found had already made such a Havock in his own Heart; otherwise
he

he would never have called upon him at his Chambers, to desire his Company to take a Walk in the Park. Urging in Excuse, that it was a Shame to lie a Bed such a delightful Morning; for by so doing they should lose half the Pleasure which the Season afforded.

Belmour's coming thus early to call upon him, was no little Matter of Surprize to *Townley*. "Why how now, *Frank*, says he, "what the Devil has disturbed you so soon: "I fear the young Lady that we saw at the "Gardens has not permitted you to sleep?" "Indeed, replies *Belmour*, she has not given "me much Molestation, tho' the Vexation "at our fruitless Pursuit, and the Warmness "of the Night have not suffered me to rest "as usual; but the Fineness of the Morning "seems to promise ample Amends.—Come " *Jack*, stir, and let us take a Walk in the "Park together." "With all my Heart, says " *Townley*, perhaps we may there light upon "some new Frolick that may drive away "all Thoughts of our last Night's Mischance; "but supposing we had traced the Lady "Home; pray *Frank*, what Expectations "could have arisen to you from thence!" — "Very few, indeed, answered *Belmour*, unless "I could have found Means to get introduced "to her Company—but what Hopes had you " *Jack*, from the Pursuit?" — "Why really "says *Townley*, as I judged her to be some "young Filley, just taken into keeping, by the

“ the old Gentleman that was with her, I
 “ had some Thoughts, if we could have dis-
 “ covered where he had planted her, to have
 “ prevented his engrossing such a fair Purchase
 “ entirely to himself. For indeed *Frank*,
 “ she seems to deserve a much better Partner
 “ than what she has got.—What the Devil
 “ should such an old fallow-faced Hunk
 “ do with such a young blooming Bud of
 “ Beauty ? Indeed, says *Belmour*, I cannot
 “ come into your Opinion of her being in
 “ keeping ; for there seemed to be such an
 “ Air of Modesty in her Face, that perfectly
 “ forbid any one who observed her, to enter-
 “ tain the least Thought against her Virtue.
 “ ———Pshaw ! Damn it, *Frank*, re-
 “ plies the other, I find you don’t know the
 “ Town yet.—Modesty ! Why I have seen
 “ a Girl at her first entering upon the Town,
 “ as modest as the purest Virgin in a Nunnery.
 “ Well, come, says *Belmour*, you lose all
 “ the Pleasure of the Spring, by lying in
 “ Bed so long in the Morning : Up, and let us
 “ be walking, that we may get back again
 “ before the Sun comes out too hot.”——
Townley was soon up and drest, when they
 steered together towards the Park ; where we
 shall leave them, walking Arm in Arm up
 the *Mall* towards *Buckingham House*, while
 we give the Reader a little Information of
 their Characters and Occupation ; which by
 C this

this Time perhaps he may be desirous of obtaining.

Belmour, then, was a young Gentleman of Fortune, being Heir to a large Estate; and had not long left the University of *Cambridge*, to compleat his Studies in the *Temple*: Where his Father had placed him, with a View to his attaining such a Knowledge of the Laws of the Land, as would be sufficient to enable him the better to manage that Estate, which would some Time or other come into his Possession; and prevent his being defrauded by Attorneys, Stewards, or Bailiffs, on the one Hand, or injured by his Tenants, or Neighbours, on the other. As he had not as yet been long enough in Town to be corrupted by its Vices, so he was naturally possessed of a sufficient Share of Virtue, and good Sense, to withstand them: Tho' in Compliance with the Taste of some of his Companions, of which *Townley* was the chief, he sometimes gave way to such Levities, as his own Understanding could not seriously approve of. For tho' he was polite in his Behaviour, yet he possessed a very sedate Turn of Mind; except when Company and the Bottle, wherein were his greatest Excesses, induced him to be otherwise.

Townley was a young Fellow very destitute either of virtuous or generous Principles; he at first studied the Laws for the Improvement of his Fortune, which otherwise would have been

been but very small, had not an old cross Aunt, whom by his wild Behaviour he had very much disobliged, happened to die intestate, and thereby he came into the Possession of about 200*l. per Annum*, which otherwise he could not have had the least Hopes of, if the old Lady had made a Will ; but a Fever, that soon rendered her delirious, prevented it. Soon after this Gift of Fortune fell into his Hands, he relinquished his Study of the Law, tho' he kept his Chambers for the Conveniency of his Pleasures ; and by giving himself up to the most sensual Indulgencies of his Appetites, he became a perfect Town Rake.

When our two young Sparks had reached the upper End of the *Mall*, *Townley* sat down on a Bench near some Cows, in order to divert himself by some Discourse with the Girls that sold Milk : The Dialogue between him and the Milk Girls would not be very entertaining, and perhaps too gross if we should repeat it. Therefore, leaving it, we shall inform the Reader, that the Pleasantness of the Morning invited them to walk further ; and the Dispute was, which Way they should take. *Belmour* being for a Walk up the *Green Park*, and so into *Hyde Park* ; but *Townley* who did not so much love Solitude, was more inclined to go and take a Breakfast at *Ranelagh*. To this at last *Belmour* consented, only urging that whether they returned by Land or by

Water, yet the Sun would cause them to have a very hot Journey back again.

Nothing extraordinary happened in their going through *Chelsea* Fields, till they came to the Breakfasting Room at *Ranelagh*. Where they sat down to a Pot of Tea and Bread and Butter; but they had not half finished their Breakfast before the young Lady, and the Gentlewoman who was with her the preceding Evening at *Vaux-hall*, entered the Room. They called for some Chocolate and sat down at a very small Distance from *Belmour* and his Friend; who both were too deeply engaged in contemplating the amazing Charms of this beautiful young Creature, to regard finishing their own Breakfast.

The Ladies having drank their Chocolate, went to take a Turn or two in the Gardens; whither *Belmour* and *Townley* immediately followed them; being both fully bent upon not neglecting this Opportunity, that Fortune had so favourably given them, either of getting Acquaintance with the young Lady, or finding out where they lived. And *Townley* was fully resolved to take the first Occasion that offered of accosting her; which he thought himself the more at liberty to do, as the old Gentleman, who had been in Company the Night before, was now absent.

It will be very proper before we proceed farther, to give some Account of the young Lady and her Companion; which we have
not

not as hitherto had any Opportunity of doing. Her Name was *Arabella R—y*, the youngest Daughter in Six of a *Leicestershire* Country Gentleman, of a pretty good Estate, but which he had the Misfortune to run through in his Life-Time, or to speak more properly, he had suffered it to be devoured by a large Pack of Hounds, Hunting-Horses, Huntsmen, Whippers-in, and Country Sportsmen. In reality, he had literally given so much of five Hundred a Year to the *Dogs*, that, on his Decease, which was about three Years ago, his Eldest Son found himself in Possession of no more than 50 Pounds a Year clear; and his Widow's Jointure, tho' but small, was obliged to go to the Maintainance of her self and seven Children, *viz.* one younger Son, and Six Daughters.

However, it happened somewhat lucky for *Arabella*, that a young Lady in the Neighbourhood, who was a rich Heiress, took such a prodigious liking to her, that she, being an only Child, prevailed with her Parents to let her have Miss *Arabella* home for a Companion: Where she had generally resided ever since her fourteenth Year; and had partly received the same Education as Miss *Betty* her self, for so was this young Lady called.

Arabella, now in her twentieth Year, was justly reckoned a perfect Beauty by every one that saw her; and possessed of a great deal
of

of Virtue, Modesty, and good Sense: So that had her Fortune been any ways answerable to her personal Endowments, she could not have failed of meeting with some very considerable Proffers before now; but tho' most Gentlemen admire Beauty, Virtue, and good Sense, and look upon them as very necessary Perfections in a Wife; yet, when they are put in the Ballance with Riches, they are generally outweighed by the latter, which was poor *Arabella's* Case.

Miss *Betty*, the young Lady to whom she had been Companion, being lately married, tho' not much to her Inclination, yet by the Parents Direction, to a sordid young Country Squire, of a large Estate, who in his own Phrase, was for *maintaining no more Cats than would catch Mice*, became necessitated to part with *Arabella*. To whom, on her Return home to her Mother, she presented a Purse of twenty Guineas; with an Assurance of ever preserving the greatest Affection and Esteem for her, and of serving her as far as ever it lay in her Power.

This small Sum was soon exhausted, by the Necessities of such a numerous Family as she found at Home: When *Arabella*, by her Mother's Direction, came up to *London*, to live with an Aunt of hers, by her Mother's Side; who was the Widow of a Sea Captain, and was the same Lady that *Belmour* and
Townley

Townley had hitherto seen in Company with her.

Mrs. *Villiard*, for so we shall call this Lady, had been a very agreeable Woman in her Youth; and might then have laid some Claim to be called Beautiful, but her Perfections had been so much tainted by a Levity of Manners, and corrupt Conversation, that really she neither bore nor merited, but a very indifferent Character, long before she fell to the Captain's Lot. She was then Mistress of a small independant Fortune, yet such was her Love to Gaiety, that tho' she could not properly come under the Denomination of a Woman of the Town, yet she might be justly called a Lady of Pleasure: She gave her self up entirely to all sorts, even to an Excess. Her Amours and Love Intrigues would fill a large Volume, neither would the Captain have ventured upon her, had he not been in his Dotage.

As the Time of indulging her more sensual Desires was now over, so she resigned herself to an insatiable Avarice, which gradually increased with her Years; and it was with the View of gratifying this Appetite, that she had taken *Arabella* into the House to live with her; having heard such exceeding Commendations of her Beauty, that she did not in the least doubt of making a good Return, in the Disposal of her Person: And, for that Purpose, she had fixed her Eye on the very Gentleman

tleman who had been in Company with her and *Arabella* the preceding Evening.

This Person was an extream rich Jew, who tho' he was married, yet had such a Desire for *Arabella*, that he was willing to take her upon his own Hands, on almost whatever Terms the Aunt should stipulate for. Mr. *D—z*, for so was he called, had enjoyed the Pleasure of drinking Tea twice with the lovely *Arabella*, since her coming to Town, which had not been much above a Week; to whom the Aunt introduced him as one of her particular Friends, and it was at his Desire that the two Ladies went upon a Party of Pleasure with him, the Evening before to *Vaux-ball*, where *Belmour* and *Townley* first obtained a Sight of the lovely *Arabella*.

As the Aunt was left possessed of a very pretty Fortune, on the Decease of the Captain, her late Spouse, so immediately on *Arabella's* Arrival in Town, she sent for the Mercer, the Laceman, the Mantua-maker, and Milliner, in order to provide for her future Appearance; and spared for no Cost to deck her out handsomely; well judging that the more she expends this way, the greater would be her Returns in the End. *Arabella*, herself, was at first, so prodigiously delighted with her Aunt's Profuseness and Generosity towards her, that she somewhat lamented the Misfortune of her Mother's not sending her

her to Town sooner ; little apprehending that all those fine Trappings, which her Aunt bestowed on her, were only designed to gratify her own insatiable Desires.

We left the two Ladies, followed by *Belmour* and *Townley*, in the Walks; where the latter soon found an Opportunity to enter into a Conversation with them, upon the Beauty of the Morning, and the Pleasantness of the Garden. As these two young Strangers appeared very genteel and well dressed, and the Aunt had not as yet made any direct Bargain for her Niece, with Mr. D—z, so she neither restrained herself, nor restrained *Arabella*, from the Gentlemen's Company; not knowing but they might, perhaps, prove to be some greater Persons, than what at present they appeared.

After some Turns in the Gardens, *Arabella* proposed to go home, which the young Gentlemen hearing very politely offered to conduct them; this was not refused, so they handed the Ladies in the Hackney Coach that was waiting for them, into which *Belmour* and *Townley* entered. The Aunt, by several Questions she put to the young Gentlemen, in their Passage to Town, soon found out that they were both *Templers*, which gave her no high Opinion of their Merits or Fortunes. However, when they asked leave to pay their Respects some other Time, to her and the young Lady, she did not think proper absolutely to

refuse it, as she knew not as yet how she and Mr. D—— should agree Matters together; but only told them, that as both herself and Niece visited pretty much, they might chance to come several Times without finding either of them at Home. To this, *Belmour* made Answer, that the Pleasure of their Company, whenever they could obtain that Happiness, would more than sufficiently compensate for any Disappointments they should meet with. As for *Arabella* she joined but very little in any Discourse that passed by the Way; yet, what she said, was sufficient to shew that she had a large Share of Understanding, founded on good Sense, tho' her Sentiments were not delivered with such a Polite Delicacy of Expression, as is either natural, or affected, by such Ladies as have been chiefly bred up in this Town. The Coach at length reached Mrs. *Villiard's* House, which was in one of the Streets near *Red-Lion* Square, where having handed the Ladies into the House, our two Gentlemen took their leaves; and getting again into their Vehicle, ordered the Coachman to set them down at the *Temple*.

Both *Belmour* and *Townley* were now more violently smitten with *Arabella* than ever; but in a different Manner. *Belmour* had conceived a violent Passion for her, which was justly founded on her Beauty and Understanding. *Townley's* Passion had only the former Perfection for its Object; and he
would

would have been well enough satisfied with the Enjoyment of the Lady's Person, even had her Understanding been upon the level with a Changeling's. He therefore looked upon her Sense rather as a great Obstacle to his Desires, than as any extraordinary Accomplishment in her Person.

Upon their Return to *Townley's* Chambers, "Well *Frank*," says he to *Belmour*, "I hope now your Curiosity is satisfied—She's a delicious Girl, and Fortune now has opened a Way for either of us to get at her." "An Angel," cries *Belmour*, "but what do you mean by getting at her; sure no Man would offer to make any Pretences to such a beautiful young Creature, but what were founded on Honour and Virtue?"—"Yet suppose," replies *Townley*, "that with all her Accomplishments, she should not be worth a Groat, don't you think a Man would considerably injure his Fortune, by acting up to your Notions of Honour and Virtue, when he might reap the same Benefit, if not a greater, by proceeding without them?"—"Well, I confess for my part," says *Belmour*, "that let her Fortune be ever so small, yet my Conscience would not forgive me, for deluding such a lovely Creature."—"Certainly, *Frank*," says the other, "you have fallen so violently in Love with her, that you know not what you say; why there's no draw-

“ing Women against their Inclinations.”
 “Well, but” replied *Belmour*, “there’s
 “such a thing as decoying them to our In-
 “clinations; and that’s much the same Thing,
 “as both the one and the other must be found-
 “ed on meer Villany.”——“Phoo I find you
 “are captious, says *Townley*; but when do
 “you propose visiting this young Lady again,
 “for methinks I long to see her?”——“To-
 “morrow Evening, if you will,” says
Belmour: “With all my Heart,” replied *Town-
 ley*, “I shall wait till six o’Clock for your call-
 “ing upon me; and when we see her again, I
 “shall give you my further Opinion of
 “her.”

They now parted; and *Belmour* spent the
 Time, which he thought long, but very in-
 differently; no more did *Townley*, tho’ he
 had the Art to disguise it from his Friend,
 and to amuse himself the mean while with
 some fashionable Gaieties, that *Belmour* was
 not so much addicted to, especially when any
 Thing disturbed his Mind; so that reading,
 and meditating upon the Idea of the charming
Arabella, were his chief Amusements till
 the appointed Hour arrived: In the mean
 while, let us observe how Matters went on at
Mrs. Villiard’s.

Arabella had not been long at Home be-
 fore her Aunt desired her to dress, for she
 had invited Mr. D——s to dine with them
 that Day. The Niece immediately set about
 executing

executing her Commands; but the Gentleman arrived some considerable Time before either the Dinner was ready, or *Arabella* was dressed. Mrs. *Villiard* introducing him into a back Parlour, after some previous Discourse, asked him how he liked her Niece? to which the *Jew* answered he was quite charmed with her; and that he was very sorry there was one grand Obstacle, which prevented his making her as happy as he could wish her to be; which was his being married. But, if she could prevail on her Niece to dispense with this, he would gratify her with a Thousand Pounds for her trouble, and settle two Hundred a Year on *Arabella* to be paid Quarterly during her Life.

The Aunt promised that she would try every Thing, possible in his Favour; but hoped, that as he must needs be very sensible of the Difficulty that she should have to get *Arabella* to comply with his Proposals, especially as she assured him that her Niece had refused several advantageous Offers in the Country; so she hoped that if she should prevail with her, he would not be against making up the Thousand Pounds, that he had promised her, to a Thousand Guineas; his being already married was not, she said, the only Obstacle that she had to encounter with; but also the Disparity of Years, between him and her *Arabella*, which she judged would be no small Matter of Impediment:

As

As her Niece could not promise to herself any of those Advantages, which young Widows expect upon the Decease of an elderly Husband. Tho' she did not doubt but the Girl's Behaviour, if she could be brought to comply, would sufficiently induce him to provide handsomely for her in his Will.—Mr. D——z replied, that he should not stand out for such a small Sum as Fifty Pounds more; but begged her to press the Affair forward, as any Delay, in this Case, might be equally prejudicial to all the Parties concerned.

Dinner was by this Time set upon the Table, to which they were all immediately summoned: afterwards Mr. D——z taking his leave of *Arabella* and her Aunt, withdrew; as the latter had assured him she would take the Opportunity that very Afternoon, of opening the Matter to her Niece. Mrs. *Villiard* was as good as her Word: For no sooner was he gone, than, after a long Harangue upon his Politeness, Generosity, and Affability, she asked her Niece, how she should like such a rich Gentleman for a Husband? to whom the other replied, she had not yet entertained any Thoughts of marrying, but, that, when she did she should endeavour to match with one that was more suitable to her Years; for that the Gentleman whom her Aunt spoke of was too much advanced in Age to put up with the Follies of a young Wife. ——— Well, but Niece, says Mrs. *Villiard*,

Villiard, tho' I should not advise your tying yourself to an elderly Gentleman; yet supposing that he had such an Inclination to you as should induce him to maintain you like a Gentlewoman, and make you a handsome Provision for Life, do you think that you could not bring yourself to live happily with him, and submit a little to his Humours for such a fine Recompence: Pray what can one of your high Breeding, with no Fortune, expect better?——Oh! dear Aunt, answered *Arabella*, I don't understand what you mean by a Provision and Maintainance, but if the Gentleman is pleased to cast his Eyes upon me for a Mistress, I assure you he will be very much disappointed:——Believe me, I shall never sacrifice my Virtue either to Riches or Grandeur.——Mrs. *Villiard*, continued to argue the Point with her Niece during the best Part of the Evening; in order, as she said, to free her from the Prejudices of her Country Education. But indeed all that the old Lady could argue, had no more Effect with *Arabella*, than only to cause her to burst out in Tears; assuring her Aunt, that she was the last Woman whom she could have thought would have mentioned any such Things to her.

Mr. D——z came the next Morning to visit Mrs. *Villiard*; who acquainted him with the ill Success of her Negotiation. They spent some Time together in consulting how

to bring the Affair about; and at last it was determined between them, that if nothing could be done by fair Means, he should have recourse to Force; as the old Lady judged that the accomplishing his Ends this Way, would infallibly oblige her Niece to accept any Terms that he should propose afterwards; but as a Reward for her extraordinary Service, in affording him a fair Opportunity of putting this Design in practice, she made him engage, if he succeeded in his Attempt, to make an Addition of a handsome Gold Watch of thirty Guineas Price, to the former Gratitude, which he had promised her before. Tho' Mr. D—z could not help thinking the old Lady very exorbitant, yet the Violence of his Appetite for possessing the beautiful *Arabella*, would not permit him long to hesitate on her Aunt's Demands. He agreed to her Terms, and departed; leaving to her Consideration, the Time and Place for perpetrating the black Scene which they had concerted.

Belmour came to *Townley's* Chambers punctually at the Hour that had been appointed between them; from whence they set out on a Visit to Mrs. *Villiard's*, and found both the old Lady and her Niece at home. Tho' as the former had made such a fine Bargain with Mr. D—z, she would very probably, have given Orders to her Servant for their being denied, if she had had any previous Notice or Expectation of this Visit. However, she

she assumed a certain forced Air of Civility, very frequently practised in these polite Times, and desired the Gentlemen to stay and drink Tea with her and her Niece; tho' very likely she wished every Dish might scald their Throats. Tho' the Company passed the Time at the Tea-table in only indifferent Chat together, yet *Arabella*, from this further Insight into the Manners, Behaviour, and other personal Accomplishments of *Belmour*, was become as much enamoured with him as he possibly could be with her; and could very willingly have dispensed with the Company of her Aunt, and Mr. *Townley*, to be entertained with *Belmour's* Conversation, which she rightly imagined was under some Constraint by their Presence.

Townley, tho' he had not conceived such a tender Affection for *Arabella* as *Belmour*, yet his Passion was more tinged with Jealousy than the other's; and as he was naturally inclined to that preying Disease, 'so the least Object could not fail of exciting it in him; neither could the affectionate Glances that were interchanged between the two Lovers over the Tea-table, escape his Observation. He also remarked, how readily *Arabella* came into *Belmour's* Sentiments, on every Occasion that offered, for his declaring them on any Topic; and that she took every Opportunity of directing her Discourse to *Belmour*, without taking any other Notice of

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himself,

himself, than just what common Civility obliged her to.

This cool Behaviour of *Arabella* chagrined him not a little; and tho' neither of them had any Opportunity of declaring their Passion to her, as the Aunt kept them Company during the whole Time of their Stay, yet he immediately conceived such a strong Aversion to *Belmour*, whom he looked upon as his Rival, that he tryed all Means to shun his Company; and soon after took an Opportunity of quarrelling with him, in such a Manner, as broke of all their former Intimacy. Notwithstanding which, *Belmour* did not entertain the least Suspicion either of *Townley's* Passion, or Jealousy, and consequently, did not imagine that he was any Obstacle between himself and *Arabella*.

Mrs. *Villiard*, who was pretty well versed in the Ways of Love, and generally observed very strictly what passed between any Persons of different Sexes, could not possibly avoid making her Remarks on the Change of Countenances, Language of the Eyes, and all other little secret Testimonies of Affection, that had passed between *Belmour* and *Arabella* at the last Visit. She knew perfectly well what a hard Thing it was to constrain any one of her own Sex, and especially such a beautiful young Person as *Arabella*, to act contrary to their Inclinations; and so many Difficulties occurred to her Imagination in putting the Design

Design in Execution, which she and the Jew had concerted together, of forcing *Arabella* to submit to his Desires, that she resolved within herself, to make another Trial of what could be done by fair Persuasions,

Therefore, taking an Opportunity soon after the young Gentlemen were gone, of sounding *Arabella's* Inclination toward them, she found that *Belmour* had excited no small Emotion in the young Lady's Heart; and she herself had collected, as we said before, from her own Observations during the late Interview, that *Belmour* was very much enamoured with *Arabella*. Whereupon the crafty Mrs. *Villiard*, pressed the Matter so home to her Niece, that the latter could not help declaring to her, that she thought Mr. *Belmour* to be the most agreeable, and civilest behaved Gentleman she had ever seen.

This unwelcome Discovery set the Aunt upon her Machinations how to circumvent such a formidable Rival, as young *Belmour* appeared to be, to the old Jew; and was in hopes that the dividing *Arabella's* Inclinations, between *Belmour* and *Townley*, would leave some Room for her Friend, Mr. D—z, to obtain his Ends. In order to this she proceeded in the following Manner: “ Indeed *Arabella*, ” says she, “ I am not at all surprised
“ at the Weakness of your Judgment, when
“ I consider how young and unexperienced
“ you are in the Ways and Appearances of
E 2 Men;

“ Men; and the short Time that you have
 “ been in this Town to obtain any Knowledge
 “ of the Manners of it. But, if I was as
 “ young and handsome as yourself, and was
 “ left to my Choice which of the two I should
 “ chuse for a Lover, I should surely give the
 “ Preference to Mr. *Townley*; he is certainly
 “ much the politer and gayer Man in his
 “ Behaviour; and, if I may judge by his Ap-
 “ pearance, as he goes a great deal finer
 “ dressed than Mr. *Belmour*, so I apprehend
 “ him to be the best Gentleman of the two;
 “ therefore consequently the much fitter for
 “ any young Woman to fix her Hopes upon,
 “ either in the Way of Matrimony, or other-
 “ wise.——Tho’ indeed, to tell you my
 “ Sentiments plainly, I must own that I can-
 “ not entertain any great Opinion of either of
 “ them; as your young *Templers* have seldom
 “ much to depend on, and generally are
 “ obliged to study the Law for the Acquisi-
 “ tion of their Fortunes.”

Indeed if *Arabella* could have been induced
 by the old Lady to judge of their Merit, or
 Fortunes, by outside Appearance, certainly
Townley would have been the most in her
 Esteem: For he always went much more
 tawdry drest than *Belmour*, and was not of
 such a reserved Disposition as the latter, but
 rather abounded with too many pert Airs;
 which *Arabella's* Aunt either mistakenly or
 wilfully construed into Politeness. Tho’, as
 her

her Design was different from influencing
Arabella with a real good Opinion of either of
 them, she went on thus : “ But certainly,
 “ Niece, tho’ you may have ever such a strong
 “ Inclination for either of these young Gen-
 “ tlemen, yet, as you cannot flatter yourself,
 “ as you have no Fortune, with the Hopes
 “ of becoming his Wife, I should think that
 “ the living happily upon a handsome and
 “ comfortable Subsistence, with such a Man
 “ as Mr. D—z, would abundantly out-
 “ balance any Expectations that you can en-
 “ tertain from these young Sparks; who,
 “ when they have obtained their Ends, will,
 “ it is very probable, leave you destitute on the
 “ Town, to shift for yourself; as, on the
 “ other Hand, you would, at least, have a
 “ positive Assurance of never meeting with
 “ such a Disaster.”

Arabella paid a great deal of Attention to
 her Aunt’s fine Harangue, and never once
 interrupted her till it was finished; when she
 replied, “ Indeed Aunt, I am very much
 “ surpris’d at your endeavouring to persuade
 “ me to become Mr. D—z’s Mistress, for
 “ that is what I perceive to be the Drift of
 “ your Discourse :—But tho’ I have had only
 “ a Country Education, which you seem to
 “ think a great Disadvantage to me; yet,
 “ thanks to that Education, Madam, it has
 “ so thoroughly ingrafted the Love of Virtue
 “ in my Mind, that I would not be the
 Mistress

“ Mistress even of the greatest Monarch for
 “ half his Possessions. — And as for the
 “ Suspicion, that you throw out, of my be-
 “ coming such to either of the two young
 “ Gentlemen, I assure you, Madam, you do
 “ me a great injury in harbouring any such
 “ Thought.” — “ You talk very heroical-
 “ ly, indeed, says the Aunt; certainly, Child,
 “ you used to read *Tragedies* pretty much in
 “ the Country, for you express your self
 “ nobly: — As for what I have urged
 “ to you about Mr. D—z, your own true
 “ Interest was the only Inducement that made
 “ me open my Lips about it; but good
 “ Council I find is generally despised.”
 Here the Aunt changed the Discourse and
 soon after left the Room.

We have before observed, that all Intimacy
 was broke off by *Townley* between him and
Belmour; and now they were both resolved
 to make their Addresses to *Arabella*. The
 Passion that *Belmour* had conceived for her,
 was too pure in its Nature to admit of his
 entertaining the least Thought of any Thing
 to his Charmer's Prejudice: In a Word, he
 was for obtaining her in an honourable Way,
 without any Regard to the Difference that
 might be between their Fortunes; as he
 thought all such Defects were amply supplied
 by her personal Perfections. But tho' *Town-
 ley's* Passion for the young Lady might be as
 violent as *Belmour's*, yet it had not that As-
 cendancy

cendancy over his Reason, as to make him neglect what this represented to be a very necessary Qualification in a Wife, which was Money; and this he looked upon to be a most essential and necessary Ingredient in a Partner for Life. He thought that the Felicity of either of the Persons engaged could not last long without a pecuniary Support; and his Fortune was too small for him to think of encumbering it with a Wife, that should bring nothing but Beauty with her, for the Support of her self and her Offspring.

In order, therefore to obtain a Knowledge of *Arabella's* Circumstances, he sent his Man *John*, who was used to serve his Master on several such necessary Occasions, into Mrs. *Villiard's* Neighbourhood to gain him Intelligence. This trusty *Aid-de-Camp* executed his Commission very punctually; for applying himself to the nearest Chandler's-Shop, and for the Purchase of a little *Snuff*, *Tobacco*, and such like Trifles, he found Means to learn that *Arabella* had no Fortune of her own, notwithstanding the gay Appearance that she made; but was entirely dependent on her Aunt. That she came of a very good Family, but her Father dying worse than nothing, had left her, and several more Children, quite destitute in the World; and that had it not been for her Aunt's Generosity and Compassion, she must have been starving. This, and much more to the same Effect,

partly

partly true and partly false, *John* picked out of the Mistress of the Shop, who had learnt it from Mrs. *Villiard's* Maid, who was one of her constant Customers; and with this News he hasted home to his Master.

Townley was very well pleased with the Intelligence his Servant had gained; as it gave him some Hopes of obtaining *Arabella*, without the Formalities of Marriage: Accordingly he resolved to address her upon a different Footing. For, to say the Truth, he was too much a Libertine, both in Principle and Practice, to have any Relish for Matrimony, where he could by any Means gratify his Passion or Appetite without it; altho' there had not been that grand Impediment, the Want of a Fortune, in the Way; but this, as we have said before, was such an invincible Obstacle to his entering into the State of Wedlock, even with the most beautiful Creature imaginable, that he could never find Heart enough to get over it.

Soon after this Discovery of the Condition of *Arabella's* Circumstances, he took another Opportunity of visiting her; and, her Aunt being gone out about some Business, he had the Fortune to find her alone. He therefore took this Occasion to make love to her, with all the Rhetoric he was Master of, and would fain have persuaded her to let him make the best Use of the present happy Moment, which he said was destined for Enjoyment: But
Arabella,

Arabella, as soon as she perceived his Design, resisted all his Endeavours with that becoming Virtue and Modesty that was natural to her; 'till at length he grew so outrageous, that she was obliged to protest solemnly, she would call out for help, if he proceeded any farther. This brought him again within the Bounds of a decent Decorum, and induced him to make many Apologies for the Excess of his Passion, which he urged had deprived him of his Reason to such a Degree, that he was hardly accountable for any of his Actions; and it was this Frenzy which had occasioned that Transgression in his Behaviour towards her, which he begged her Compassion on his Distraction to pardon him for; vowing that he would take particular Care never to transgress again in the like Manner.

She returned this, and many more such fine Speeches, in as civil a Manner as his abrupt Behaviour would permit her to do; but earnestly desired of him, that if he valued either her Friendship, or Esteem, that he would never so grossly offend her again. This he promised with the most solemn Protestations to observe; and the Aunt coming Home, he was obliged to take his Leave of her for that Time, not a little chagrined at the Disappointment he had met with.

Belmour would have been before hand with *Townley* in his Visit to *Arabella*, had he not received a Letter from his Father, which

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obliged

obliged him to go immediately about fifteen Miles out of Town, to a Gentleman's of their Acquaintance, about some Business of much Importance, where he could not avoid spending a Day or two: But, on his Return he went to see her the next Morning, whereas *Townley* had been there the Evening before. As the Aunt was just set out for the City to meet with Mr. *D—z*, in order to consult on the Method for putting their Design in Execution, so he, also, had the Opportunity of finding *Arabella* alone; and tho' he was entirely ignorant of her Fortune or Circumstances, yet he took that Occasion to declare his Passion to her; but in the most submissive and respectful Manner possible. *Arabella* said that she should not be displeased with his Addresses as long as he behaved honourably; but if he ever attempted to proceed to such Lengths as Mr. *Townley* had lately done, she should utterly hate and detest him.

"How, Madam", says *Belmour*, "has he had the Audaciousness to offer any Insult to you?——His Blood shall answer for it".—She begg'd of him to assuage his Anger, and let the Matter drop, for that she believed she had cured the young Gentleman of any more such Attempts for the future. She farther told *Belmour* that he need not be under the least Uneasiness upon *Townley's* Account; for that she had never entertained any favourable Opinion of him, and his late Behaviour

haviour had rendered him her Aversion.— That, as for himself, she had no other Objection but the Disparity of their Fortunes ; as she judged from the genteel Appearance he made, that his was pretty considerable, while she had nothing to depend on but her Aunt's Generosity.

She then gave him a full Account of her Family and of the Indiscretion of her Father, that had reduced them to such low Circumstances. At the finishing of her Relation, *Belmour* snatched her up eagerly in his Arms, “ and is this all the Objection you have against me, my dear *Arabella*”, said he ?—“ that shall soon be disannulled, whenever you have a Mind to give me your Hand. My Estate, it is true, is not yet in my own Possession, nor will it be 'till after my Father's Decease, which I hope will not happen these many Years. But, however by the Generosity of a late Uncle, I have enough for us both to live handsomely upon, without troubling him ; that I am so certain of his approving my Choice of a Woman of your Beauty, Merit, and good Sense, that I shall not hesitate a Moment of acquainting him with our Nuptials, whenever you will consent to have them solemnized ; and I am sure he will be the more pleased at your coming of such a good Family, as I have often heard him declare, that a Woman of a good Family, and

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“ ended

"endued with good Sense, was preferable
 "to the finest Lady with a large Portion".
 "I am afraid, replied *Arabella*, that you flatter
 "me infinitely, and would think me too
 "forward if I should give you my Consent
 "after such a short Courtship. Therefore I
 "must beg a little more Time, that I may
 "sufficiently reflect on what I am about,
 "lest, by acting too heedless, I should plunge
 "both you and myself into irretrievable Mis-
 "fortunes." ——— *Belmour*, then desired
 the Favour of her Company to *Ranelagh*
 Gardens that Evening, which as she could
 not find in her Heart to refuse him, a Coach
 was soon called to the Door, and they proceed-
 ed on their Way thither.

Some Readers may perhaps think that
 Miss *Arabella* was rather too condescending to
 her Lover, for a young Lady of such Modesty
 and Virtue, as we have characterised her to
 be: But when they reflect that she began to
 get a full Insight of her Aunt's Intention, to
 dispose of her by way of Sale, to the best
 Purchaser that she could light of, whether
 upon honourable Terms or dishonourable,
 they will no longer be surprized at *Arabella's*
 embracing the first Opportunity of getting out
 of her Clutches; especially, when she met
 with such an advantageous Proffer as the
 present.

Our two Lovers were by this Time got to
Ranelagh, and had taken some few Turns in
 the

the Gardens, and just seated themselves in the *Rotunda*, when in came *Townley*, and some more young Rakes, who, at his Instigation, would have intruded themselves into *Arabella's* Company; and he had the Insolence to tell *Belmour*, that he thought he had as much Right to it as himself; tho' he had so meanly deprived him of her Favour, by some sinister Practices.——*Belmour* replied, that he scorned his Words; and told him withal, that the present Place was not proper to decide the Controversy in; but that he should take another Opportunity of doing it. These last Words he whispered in his Ear, so that they were not distinguished by *Arabella*; who being unused to the Ways of the Town, had not the least Apprehension of any farther Consequences attending their Rencounter.

Belmour walked off with the Lady, and re-entered their Coach; being apprehensive of meeting with some foul Play from *Townley* and his Companions, if he continued there much longer. He conducted *Arabella* safe Home, and from thence retired to his Chambers, where calling his Servant he dispatched him with the following short Epistle to *Townley*.

S I R,

IF you are really a Gentleman, which does not much appear from your rude Behaviour both to the Lady and myself last Night, I shall expect that you will meet me at Five, To-morrow Morning, behind Mountague-House; where you will be sure to find

F. Belmour.

P. S. The enclosed Ribband will shew you the Length of the Sword I shall use.

Townley did not return from Ranelagh Gardens, till an Hour and a Half after the above was left at his Chambers. As he had never experienced Belmour's Courage before, so he had not entertained any great Idea of it, taking him, as he had come so lately from the University, to be more of a Scholar than a Swordsman. He was conscious of having given the Affront, but knew of no way to recompence it, but either by complying with Belmour's Request, or openly asking his Pardon. The latter he could by no Means bring his Spirit to truckle to, however fully convinced that himself had been the Aggressor, and had committed an Error in so doing: Therefore he stepped out to an adjacent Sword-Cutler's, and, having matched Belmour's Length, returned again to his Chambers, and gave his Man strict Orders to call him by Four o'Clock the next Morning.

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His Servant performed his Commands very punctually; and *Townley* reached the Fields a little before *Five*, where he found *Belmour* ready to meet him. Few Words were exchanged between them before they both drew, when after some Passes *Townley* received a slight Wound in the Sword Arm, and was almost immediately disarmed. He was now obliged to beg his Life of *Belmour*, which was granted upon Condition that he should ask *Arabella* Pardon for the Affront he had given her the Night before, by endeavouring to force into her Company, and that he should delay the doing of it no longer than that very Afternoon. This Offer he very readily embraced; so walking down to *Bloomsbury-Square* together, they took Coach, and drove to a Surgeon's near the *Temple*, where *Townley* had his Wound dressed, and *Belmour* departed to his Chambers.

While these Transactions happened, Mrs. *Villiard*, finding her former Endeavours to corrupt *Arabella* unsuccessful, had been consulting with the *Jew* in what Manner they should compass their Designs; and it was agreed upon between them, that they should be put in Execution that very Afternoon; when she was to dispatch the Maid on an Errand, to the farther End of the Town, and nobody was to be in the House when Mr. *D—z* came but herself and *Arabella*.— This was done accordingly, and about three o'Clock he came to Mrs. *Villiard's*, who shewing

shewing him up to her Niece, left them together in a back Room, while she went down Stairs under the Pretence of making some Coffee.

After some few Compliments, and a little introductory Discourse, the Gentleman got up from his Chair, and walking for some small Time about the Room, he suddenly took hold of *Arabella*, and lifting her up from her Seat, carried her in his Arms to a Couch, that was at one End of the Chamber. The young Lady struggled as much as possibly she could, but he being too strong for her had got her down, just at the Time when *Belmour* knocked at the Door. The Aunt, who was below in the Kitchen, did not answer either to his first or second Rap, well knowing what a Hindrance he would be to her Benefactor above Stairs; and was in hopes by her delaying to go to the Door, that *Belmour* would imagine they were all gone out, and so go away again: But he, finding Nobody answer, continued knocking louder and louder till the Aunt was obliged to go to the Door, lest any of the Neighbours should inform him that she was at Home.

Tho' *Belmour* had knocked so hard, yet neither the *Jew* nor *Arabella* heard him; they being too eagerly engaged, the one in the Pursuit of his Prey, and the other in the Defence of her Chastity, to have any Regard or Attention to any thing else. Poor *Arabella* was almost spent and breathless with the Struggle,

Struggle, when her Aunt opened the Street-Door to *Belmour*, so that she was now obliged to have recourse to her Out-cries as her last Resource. These soon reached the Ears of *Belmour*, even before he had entered the Parlour, and on his asking Mrs. *Villiard* what was the Occasion of those Shrieks that he heard, she very coolly replied, that it was only the Maid playing with some Workmen, that were in the Garret.—Then Madam, says he, I am afraid they play too rudely with her, for the Girl cries out dreadfully—he had no sooner uttered these Words, but the Noise redoubling, he presently recollected it to be his beloved *Arabella's* Voice, tho' he had never heard it at such a high Pitch before. He immediately springs out of the Parlour, and flying up Stairs rushed into the Room, from whence the Sound came; where he found the poor young Lady on the Couch, with her Cap and Handkerchief torn off, her Nose all bloody, her Mouth in a foam; and the yellow-faced Jew, with his Wig off, at top of her, keeping her down by his Weight, and endeavouring to force her own Handkerchief into her Mouth, to prevent her crying out. For, notwithstanding all his Endeavours, he had as yet obtained no farther Advantage over her than what we have here mentioned, *Arabella* being pretty strong for her Size; though had not *Belmour* come in at the Instant, he might perhaps have perpetrated his

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Villainy,

Villainy, as thro' the Fright and Fatigue of the Scuffle she was almost fainting.

It is well that *Belmour* had not then his Sword on, or he would have stabbed the Villain to the Heart; but seizing hold of his Collar, he dragged him off from the Couch, and instantly knocked him down upon the Floor, with a Cane he had in his Hand. The *Jew's* Head now bled as plentifully as *Arabella's* Nose had done before; and as she had very well mauled his Face with her Nails, he cut a most rueful Figure. On his recovering himself he endeavoured to get at his Sword, which hung up in a Corner of the Room, till then unperceived by *Belmour*; but *Belmour* was too nimble for him, and, seizing hold of it, drew immediately, swearing that if he did not directly quit the Room, he would run him thorough. The *Jew* finding himself under a Necessity of obeying *Belmour's* Commands, hastened down Stairs as well as he could; where the good old Gentlewoman of the House met him, and, conducting him into the Parlour, got him some Water and Brandy to wash his Head and Face with, as also a Plaister for the broken Place in the former.

Belmour, having raised up *Arabella*, applied himself to the Stair-head; where he stood roaring so loud for the Maid to bring up some Water, that Mrs. *Villiard* was obliged to tell him, tho' in flat Contradiction

dition to herself, that the Maid was not at Home. Upon this he ran down into the Kitchen, and brought her some up in a Basin, wherewith she was very much refreshed. When going down again into the Parlour, where sat the old Lady and the Jew, with a large Bottle of Cordial Waters before them, he snatched up that and the Glass, carrying it up Stairs to the young Lady's Assistance.

This unexpected Scene immediately gave *Belmour* a thorough Insight into what sort of a Person *Arabella's* Aunt was; and as his own Eye-sight had convinced him of the Villainy of the Affair that had been in Agitation, so it appeared the blacker, when *Arabella* informed him of the Proposals that her Aunt had made her on the Part of Mr. D—z, with her absolute Refusal to comply with them. And it plainly appeared to them both, by the Maid's being sent out of the Way at this Juncture, the Aunt's not regarding *Arabella's* loud Out-cries, and the abominable Falsity that she would have passed them over with to *Belmour*, at his entering into the House, that she had resolved upon sacrificing her Niece's Virtue to the Jew's Lust.

This Scuffle was hardly ended, when somebody knocked pretty smartly at the Door; and who should it be but *Townley*, who was come to perform his Promise that *Belmour* had exacted from him in the Morning. Upon hearing his Voice below in the Passage, *Bel-*

mour immediately called him up Stairs, and acquainted him with the whole Proceeding. Tho' *Townley*, as we have before observed, was none of the most virtuous of Mortals, yet he was exceedingly astonished at this Adventure. He then offered his Submission to *Arabella* which she as generously refused; declaring that if she had conceived the least Thoughts of the Consequence, that had happened between him and *Belmour*, she would have taken some Method to prevent it: And desired withal that the inadvertent Behaviour of Mr. *Townley* to her, at *Ranelagh*, for she now believed him to be heartily sorry, might occasion no future Breach of Friendship between them. *Belmour* replied, that after what had happened, he should think no more of it. He then desired *Townley* to be so good as to step down Stairs and get somebody to call him a Coach, and that he would assist him in conducting the Lady safe out of the House. This he readily complied with, and stepping into the Street called a Porter, whom he immediately sent for a Coach, which soon came to the Door.

Belmour then handed *Arabella* down Stairs, and they and *Townley* entered into the Parlour, to take leave of her Aunt and the old Gentleman. *Belmour* told the former that her base Actions, toward such a fine young Creature, evidently shewed that she did not deserve to have the Care of her any longer;

longer ; and therefore he should take her out of her Power. Upon this the Aunt began to storm, rave, and swear like a Fury, telling him it should be at his Peril if he took her Niece out of the House without her Leave; that she knew him to be a lewd, debauched Fellow, who had ruined a great many young Girls before, and had now a mind to do the same by her Niece. *Belmour* replied that he scorned her Words; when turning to Mr. *D—z*, the Jew, who sat mute, he gave him several very hearty Curfes, for an old lecherous Villain, and told him he deserved a much worse Punishment than what he had received from his Hands. The other made no Reply, so he and *Townley* opened the Street-Door, and put *Arabella* into the Coach, the Aunt all the while raving at and abusing them.

The two Gentlemen getting into it drove away from the Door, leaving the Aunt and the Jew to settle Matters together, and carried *Arabella* to a Tavern at some Distance; where they drank a Glass of Wine together for Refreshment, and entered into a Consultation how to dispose of her, so as to prevent her Aunt's finding her out. When at length it was concluded upon, that she should go, for the present, to a Gentlewoman that was a near Relation of *Belmour's*, and whose Husband, being Captain of a trading Ship, was gone a Voyage to the *Baltic*. This she readily agreed

agreed to, and they presently conducted her thither.

Townley having already suffered so much in his Pursuit of *Arabella*, and giving over all Hopes of Success from any future Attempt, entirely laid aside all Thoughts of obtaining her. And *Belmour* now urged his Addresses so strongly, that after his late honourable and generous Behaviour, it was impossible for her to refuse him. Neither indeed had she any Reluctance, but only a Fear that he might injure himself in his Father's Esteem, by marrying a Woman with no Fortune. He pressed her so strongly, with firm Assurances to the contrary, that in about a Fortnight's Time she agreed to give him her Hand, and soon after their Marriage they set out together for his Father's Seat; he having beforehand apprized him of the true Character of *Arabella*. As *Belmour's* Father was no ways a worldly Man, so he came the readier into an Approbation of his Son's Choice, whom he was doatingly fond of, he therefore received the new married Couple with the greatest Pleasure and Satisfaction; and *Arabella's* intellectual Perfection soon gained her his Love and Esteem, as much, or rather more, than if she had brought *Belmour* the largest Fortune.

F I N I S.